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Voteless Washington Asks a Favor

Grant It and Then Continue Your Row If You Want To.

The Times is not especially concerned with the personal row which has temporarily endangered the prospects of the local rent profiteering bill.

It, with the right-minded majority of real estate men, is however greatly interested in the rights of the renting public and the maintenance for the Capital of the country of a reputation for honesty and decency.

We are sure that Congress will not allow the fancied or real discourtesy of Mr. Johnson to interfere with the passage before adjournment of some legislation regulating a situation which has caused so much adverse criticism.

Voteless Washington asks no more than this; its self-respect would not allow it to ask less.

Why He Wears a Diamond Medal

The other day, without any blaze of trumpets or any publicity outside the walls of the store where it happened, the manager of a great department store pinned on the coat of an employe a diamond medal, said a few words of congratulation, shook him by the hand, and the clerk went back to work.

For fifty years Wilberforce Veitch has been a salesman in the great store of Marshall Field & Co.

He has seen Chicago grow from a Western town into one of the world's greatest cities.

He was with one of the greatest of the merchant princes almost from the time young Field left the counter of a Massachusetts country store until he had made his name one of supreme power in the merchandising world.

And all this time this clerk had but one thing in mind—HIS DUTY. His duty TO HIS EMPLOYER and his duty TO HIS CUSTOMERS.

Because he has fulfilled those duties well he wears a badge of honor and continues his daily work with the assurance of a comfortable old age.

There are in Washington hundreds of clerks who, when they have reached a half century of service, will merit the same decoration that Mr. Veitch received.

It would be interesting and valuable to know more about these faithful salesmen and women who are so patient with our indecisions and our complaints.

The Times would like to print some stories and pictures of the clerks who have seen long service in Washington stores.

Send us a memorandum about one that you know.

A Patriotic Profiteer

The war unfortunately has developed profiteers, men who do not hesitate to coin into gold the sacrifices of others. Their interests in the world tragedy are purely selfish. They want the war to last as long as possible. This is their harvest time. Their harvest is the almighty dollar.

A contrast shines out like a good deed in a naughty world.

The Robinson-Rodgers Company of Newark, N. J., manufactures the Kapok life-preserver for the Government. In fact, the greater part of its immense plant is devoted to Government business. It also makes the Ilanasilk life-saving suit, which is being used by the Red Cross.

If this reads like an advertisement, The Times is glad to give the space without charge. It would do the same for any company as patriotic.

While some firms would regard this business as a fat war contract, the Robinson-Rodgers Company views the matter differently.

At a recent meeting of the board of directors it was resolved to devote the entire profits of the concern to the purchase of Liberty bonds as each issue is made.

"I mean exactly what I say," declared the president. "If any stockholders are not satisfied with receiving dividends in Liberty bonds, they can get out. This is an American enterprise."

"If the idea were followed generally by the business men of the United States," he added, "more money would be forthcoming for war needs than the Government would require."

The Times believes that there are many patriotic firms and corporations in America. The average business man revolts from the idea of "blood money." He refuses to capitalize human suffering. He cannot take all while others give all. Some corporations have a soul.

Even the profiteer realizes that unless we win this war his gains will be as Dead Sea fruit. All that he has he owes to the Government of the United States.

Here is a suggestion for YOU, Mr. Business Man. Why not invest YOUR profits in the Government? What stockholder, unless pro-German at heart, would not be satisfied with dividends paid in Liberty bonds—the best investment in the world?

The Government, to show its appreciation, could and should do something in return. Why not, for instance, give priority in freight shipments to enterprises agreeing to invest, say, 80 per cent of their net revenue in Liberty bonds?

On the Run By T. E. Powers



Pity the "Half-Time Mother"

By Beatrice Fairfax.

THE other day a brave little woman described herself as a "half-time mother."

That was her excuse for the hideous fate that had overtaken her only child—a boy of sixteen awaiting electrocution in the death house at Sing Sing prison.

Mrs. Chapman had been left a widow with two little boys; there was nothing beyond a small life insurance, and when that was gone she went to work to support them. She had had the usual futile "education" given to girls, and having no special training, she accepted a position as a saleswoman.

No Place to Play But the Streets. It was the usual story of the woman who has children to bring up on small wages. She could afford no one to look after them while she was at work, and there was no place for them to play but the streets.

The older boy contracted tuberculosis, the disease that carried off his father, and died, while the younger, Paul, lived to fall into the hands of evil associates. They suggested, as a means of getting more spending money, a robbery, and the part assigned to the Chapman boy was that of watcher. Two other boys entered the house, while Paul stood on guard in the back yard. Soon it became evident that violence was being done. Shots were fired, and Paul, who had been opposed to violence when the burglary had been discussed, ran away.

Murder Had Been Done. Meantime, inside the house murder had been committed. And one

of the Davis boys, who had gone to the house for robbery, had been shot dead by a policeman. The surviving brother, Leonidas, and Paul Chapman were both indicted for the murder. Leonidas brought testimony to show that he was home and in bed when the murder was committed and his acquittal followed.

According to the law of New York State, anyone implicated in planning a felony is guilty of murder, if murder is committed while the felony is being carried out. Therefore, Paul Chapman, with no previous criminal record, awaits the electric chair in the death house in Sing Sing.

And his mother says bravely that it was the long hours at the shop and the streets the only home, while she was away, that is to blame for her son's fate. She could only be "a half-time mother" to him.

The System Ought to Be Indicted. The system that compels a mother to bring up a boy under cruel disadvantages ought to be indicted, not the victim. If a soldier's place is kept for him, while he goes off to fight, why shouldn't a mother be given a little help in her efforts to turn a son into a creditable citizen?

The Chapman boy has been in prison since October. New York State has been put to the expense of trying him, and unless he is pardoned, will be put to the expense of having him electrocuted.

When will our law makers become sufficiently intelligent to apply the maxim that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure? If New York State had been

willing to spend in advance some of the money that she has lavished after the harm was done, in sending a child of sixteen to the electric chair, there might have been a different story to tell.

Mother's Pension Laws. I know nothing of Mothers' Pension Laws in the State of New York, but not long ago I listened for many weary hours while a group of specialists discussed them in other States and the money given, in some cases, was so meagre that I wondered if it was worth all the hurrahing and applause that greeted the niggardly dole.

Our streets are full of boys whose mothers are at work trying to make "a half-time home" for them. Is anything really worth while being done to help these women? Or does a sop to our consciences, here and there, in the shape of a playground, suffice? We allow these children to go on till some little misdeed lands them in one of those academies of crime that we wrongly call "reform schools."

Difficulty of Convicting Women. The difficulty of convicting a pretty woman or a wealthy man of a crime, has become proverbial in this country. In the case of Paul Chapman public opinion ought to be as potent as the appeal of beauty or dollars in returning this boy a mother—already sinned sufficiently against—and giving him another chance.

The child suicides, in the land of kultur, appal us, and we do a deal

of talking about civilizing the Hun. Does the conviction and official killing of a child of sixteen, purely on circumstantial evidence, appear more enlightened than the system that makes child suicide possible? Fear of Punishment Does Not Prevent Crime.

The public prosecutor of Kings County, who presented the people's case against Paul, has since been active in addressing meetings, and has issued a statement explaining his position by saying: "We must make Brooklyn safe for men and women."

To make Brooklyn or any other city safe for men, women or children we've got to have more prevention and less cure. More playgrounds, more boys' clubs, better laws in regard to mothers' pensions, more remedial and less punitive legislation in regard to minors.

Since this crime has been committed a group of similar offenses have followed in the immediate neighborhood. Paul was a choirboy in St. Bartholomew's church in Brooklyn. Since his sentence and removal to the death house, a fellow choirboy in the same church has been convicted of robbery. The fate of the Chapman boy did not deter him, nor two other boys whose homes were near the Chapman's.

Twenty centuries ago the Master said: "Inasmuch as ye do it unto the least of these ye do it unto me." When are we going to follow this precept?

When are we going to do better by our future citizens than allow them "half-time mothers" and "half-time homes?"

Automatic Phones Have Wonderful Capacity

According to the Bureau of Standards' Report They Would Remake Washington From a Telephone Standpoint.

By EARL GODWIN.

If we had AUTOMATIC phones in this city, such as have been promised us by the Government if we get Government ownership, there will probably never be any such thing as traffic congestion on the wires.

If you want a good example of the enormous difference between our antiquated system for which we are asked to pay MORE, and the up-to-date automatic system such as we would have for LESS money under Government ownership, read this extract from the Bureau of Standards' comment on our local telephone system.

"Some idea of the performance of semiautomatic operators may be obtained from a report for the Lima, Ohio (automated), Telephone and Telegraph Company, kindly placed at the disposal of the bureau by Mr. E. E. Clement, the inventor of the basic principles there employed. The Lima system is one serving 9,228 subscribers, 4,600 lines being in service. In December, 1917, on the 10th day of the month, the total number of originating calls rose to over 144,000 for the day, an increase of about 70 per cent from the normal load for the month. This is equivalent to a total annual originating traffic of almost 52,000,000 calls, which incidentally represents about two-thirds of the annual traffic from somewhat over 60,000 subscribers' stations in Washington during the past year. Notwithstanding the suddenness of the increase, which came on over night as a result of the recognition of a serious coal scarcity in the State, this enormous load was handled without serious embarrassment to the company, and, most remarkable of all, the entire load was handled from fifteen operators' positions, the average number of calls handled per operator per hour between the hours of 9 a. m. and 2 p. m. being 813, the individual load ranging for one operator as high as 1,028 calls in one hour. The total number of employees, including the chief operator, information and trouble clerks, relief operators, and the matron, being forty-two. This may be compared with Washington, where the total number of operators, counting, however, also the number engaged on toll and long-distance work was considerably over 1,100, including 300 or more from out-of-town points to relieve the local scarcity resulting from the heavy Government demands for additional clerical and other help."

HEARD AND SEEN

LA BERT ST. CLAIR says his wife wants me to announce that she has gone to the country, hurry! hurry! and will not people please look after Bert and see that he has food and care.

JOHN EVERSMAN suggests that when people are standing at attention at the sound of the national anthem they utter a prayer for VICTORY AND PEACE.

HARVEY JACOB of the Department of Justice, wears Indian moccasins which Attorney General Gregory gave him.

Harvey took me fishing here a day or two ago along with his little son, "Jack," whose real name is Harvey, too, and Jack said that if I wrote anything about the trip to please put his name in, too. Inasmuch as Jack did all the work except the cooking, I think he ought to get preferred position.

The cooking was done by DR. PERCY COX, who is the best cook I ever saw and who ought to be given the degree of Master of Culinary Arts.

And others fishing were WILLIAM A. SCHLOBOHM and LANE JOHNS, and NOBODY caught any fish worth keeping not in two days' fishing.

If you've ever been to Colonial Beach you probably have run across E. B. ROBEY, who runs that little gasoline boat from Morgantown across the river. Well, he used to be the captain of Gen. Clarence Edwards' yacht in the Philippines.

The police force at Colonial Beach is named Jones, and he wears a badge bearing the word: "SARGENT."

Also the glazier there has a sign announcing that he fixes "winders."

While Rev. Gideon I. Humphreys was preaching in the Rhode Island Avenue M. E. Church Sunday night he had to stop for a moment until a flock of automobiles outside stopped their outlandish honking. Let's get some horns that won't interfere with preaching or we won't be on the right side of the line when Gabriel blows his.

Imitation Beer—Genuine Prices.

"Who remembers when you could get a bottle of good beer in Washington for 10 cents?" says JOHN ANSCHUTZ. "That was when cafe owners paid something like \$1,500 a year license. It is different now. I do not believe cafe owners pay any more license for selling beer than they pay license for selling any other kind of a soft drink. It does not cost as much to make beer as it costs to make the genuine article. And yet they are charging more for near beer than they used to charge for beer. It is being sold over the bars in the Washington 'used-to-be saloons' for 15 cents a bottle."

BILL HART sends me a copy of the Madison Barracks Barbed Wire, the camp paper issued weekly by the Y. M. C. A. committee on camp activities at Madison Barracks, N. Y.

The editor of the snappy little sheet is BILL'S son, J. W. HART, whom lots of us know.

One of the leading editorials is written by our townmate, CHARLES M. WILLOUGHBY, and is entitled, "Whiskey and Soldiers." He says the longest battle on record is the six-thousand-year struggle against Gen. J. Barleycorn.

AN ANTI-GERMAN PLEDGE

Dear Sir: I recently finished reading Gerard's "Four Years in Germany" and Brand Whitlock's "Reign of Terror in Belgium." The facts set forth in these two volumes were sufficiently terrible and hate-inspiring to exhaust my rather extensive vocabulary of invectives (I have worked many years in the composing rooms of numerous daily papers, and I took a short course as engineer of a gasoline tugboat), and my most vivid imagination could call up no vivid images of punishment to fit the crimes. Did you know that deviling punishment for the Hun is a very popular form of indoor sport?

But the incidents referred to by Irvin Cobb, in his "Humane Treatment—German Style," Saturday Evening Post of current date, stirred my wrath against German's people as had no previous exposure of the methods of torture and humiliation devised by this Teuton pox on civilization's fair body.

When I read the paragraphs relating the treatment of sick and wounded prisoners by German Red Cross nurses, notably the drenching of soup wounds by catarrhal expectorations in the invalid's presence by these messengers of mercy, I had reached the extreme limit of mental endurance, and I endeavored my mind for some means of bringing to present and future generations of German subjects their true position before the liberty-loving peoples of the world.

has it a provision for dissolution at any future time. Its charter is open indefinitely, and its membership is limited only to those of the earth whose hearts have been made to ache by the unutterable wantonness of the German people. It formed itself spontaneously by the simple act of the promoter laying aside the periodical containing Mr. Cobb's story, rising to his feet, and uttering the following obligation:

"With my right hand upraised, in the presence of God and my conscience only, I do solemnly swear that, come peace or war, so long as life is in me, I will abstain from any association, social, business, or charitable, with any German, native or alien, who cannot furnish unquestionable proof of his loyalty to the United States or its allies, and who does not feel and express abhorrence of the methods of the German people, military and civil, in the conduct of this war."

"That I will not knowingly purchase any article of commerce, food or drink, made, grown, or produced by Germany or her possessions."

"That I will not patronize any merchant or other employer of German labor or capital unless the exemption provisions of the first clause obtain."

"That I will refuse aid or succor to any German in distress even unto the last extremity, except he be immune under clause 1."

"So help me God and my conscience."

And I see where I am going to be SOME busy citizen. D. H. LEWIS.

2028 North Capitol street.

LET THE WEDDING BELLS RING OUT

